



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

GEN. SHERMAN'S VIEWS OF HIS PROFESSION. — At the Centennial Celebration at Dartmouth College, the General gave utterance to the following sentiments: —

"I do not profess to be learned in books, in art, or mere words; but I know something about bringing men into organizations whereby their physical powers as well as their mental may produce their effect. You also have here an organization. You may call it civil; but it is in fact military. The authority of all your professors is defined; and they group you into classes, and make you a body with a single soul. That is exactly like a military organization. We combine men by tens, hundreds, thousands and tens of thousands, all animated with one purpose; and guided by one mind, they are a concentrated power, and will press forward to the accomplishment of any object. If that object be the salvation of a nation, then the cause is glorious, and challenges the admiration of all mankind.

It is a common feeling among civilians, that soldiers are men of violence. There is nothing further from the truth. I appeal to the history of our own country from Washington until now to show that the military men of this country have always been subordinate men, subordinate to the law, subordinate to the authorities that be, never setting up their own judgment in antagonism to that of the nation, but executing its will, when that will had found expression in law, with a fidelity beautiful to behold; and so long as I continue to hold power and influence, I shall ever direct that power and influence to the end that the military of this country, whether a small force or vast army, shall sustain the laws of the land. Therefore I have a personal interest in education; and in every intelligent lad I meet, I see that which I hope will pervade all America; and when it does there will be no need of armies, and very little need of courts."

This exposition of a soldier's duties just makes him merely an assistant of the government in executing its laws; a special police under military organization and drill to enable it in extreme cases to maintain its authority, and preserve the public peace and order. If an army meant only this, few peace men would object to it; and when all armies shall become *only* such conservators of law and lawful authority, nothing more than an armed police at home, all wars will in fact be brought to an end, and little, if anything, be left of the war-system except the name. Such *was* the position taken by our government in putting down our late rebellion. It professed to attempt nothing more than a due and indispensable execution of our laws against their wholesale violation by rebels; in principle as truly an enforcement of law as would be the suppression of a mob, or the arrest and condign punishment of a burglar or a pirate. Sooner or later all armies will melt away into a forcible but peaceful police.

HONORS TO LAMARTINE.—It is said that five cities in France are to erect monuments to the memory of Lamartine. Such tributes to men of peace, the peaceful benefactors of mankind are quite significant of a beneficent change in the public opinion and feeling, especially in view of the fact that not a single monument or statue, we believe, has yet been erected to any general in either the Crimean or the Austro-Prussian war.

LADD'S SHEEP STORY.

OR HOW TO MAKE UP A QUARREL.

William Ladd was the President of the American Peace Society, and he believed that the principles of peace, carried out, would maintain good-will among neighbors as well as among nations. But there was a time when he had not fully considered this subject — had not thought much about it, as I dare say many of my readers have not. He believed that if a man struck him a blow, it was fair and best to strike right back again, without considering if there were not some better way of overcoming the offender; or if a man did him an injury, why, as people commonly say, he would give him as good as he sent.

He had a farm; and a poor man who lived on land adjoining his, neglected to keep up a fence which it was his business to keep in order, and in consequence his sheep got into Mr. Ladd's wheat-field and did much mischief. Mr. Ladd told his man Sam to go to the neighbor and tell him, he must mend the fence, and keep the sheep out. But the sheep came in again, and Mr. Ladd, who was a very orderly man himself, was provoked. "Sam," he said, "go to that fellow, and tell him if he don't keep his sheep out of my wheat-field, I'll have them shot." Even this did not do; the sheep were in again.

"Sam," said Mr. Ladd, "take my gun, and shoot those sheep."

"I had rather not," said Sam.

"Rather not, Sam! Why, there are but three — it's no great job."

"No sir; but the poor man has but three in the world, and I am not the person that likes to shoot a poor man's sheep."

"Then the poor man should take proper care of them. I gave him warning; why didn't he mend his fence?"

"Well, sir, I guess it was because you sent him a rough kind of a message; it made him mad, and so he would not do it."

"I considered a few minutes," said Mr. Ladd, "and then I told Sam to put the horse in the buggy."

"Shall I put in the gun?" said Sam.

"No," said I. I saw Sam half smiled, but I said nothing. I got into my buggy, and drove up to my neighbor Pulsifer. He lived a mile off, and I had a good deal of time to think the matter over.

"When I drove up to the house, the man was chopping wood. There were but few sticks of wood, and the house was poor, and my heart was softened. 'Neighbor,' I called out. Pulsifer looked sulky, and did not lift up his head. 'Come, come, neighbor,' said I. 'I have come with friendly feelings to you, and you must meet me half way.' He perceived I was in earnest, laid down his axe, and came to the wagon. 'Now, neighbor,' said I, 'we have both been in the wrong. You neglected your fence, and I got angry, and sent you a provoking message. Now let's both face about, and both do right, and feel right. I'll forgive, and you shall forgive me. Now let's shake hands.' He didn't quite feel like giving me his hand, but he let me take it.

"Now," said I, 'neighbor, drive your sheep down to my south pasture. They shall share with my sheep till next spring; you shall have all the yield, and next summer we'll start fair.'

"His hand was no longer dead in mine. He gave me a good friendly grasp. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, 'I guess you are a Christian, Squire, after all.'

"That little fracas with my neighbor about the sheep was," said Mr. Ladd, "my first step in devoting myself to the cause of Peace."